ILAGÉAS

D'LINE

Ilahas
UPLB Writers' Club
2025 Literary Folio

UPLB Writers' Club
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Paunang Salita

Ang Ilahas ay salitang Hiligaynon na tumutukoy sa mga hayop na "'di-maamo," o "'di inaalagaan ng tao." Tulad ng mga ilahas na hindi dapat ikahon sa isang hayupan, hindi dapat ikulong ang pagkababae sa iisang hulmahan.

Libu-libong hugis, hulma, at hubog ng pagkababae, ngunit tiyak iisa lang ang nais nila: ang magkaroon ng sariling kapasyahan sa sarili nilang katawan, ang maging patas ang sahod at oportunidad sa pag-aaral at trabaho, ang hindi na mangamba tuwing naglalakad mag-isa sa gabi, ang maging ganap na malaya mula sa sekswal na pang-aapi at karahasan sa tahanan, ang makamit ang kabuuan ng kanilang potensyal bilang tao.

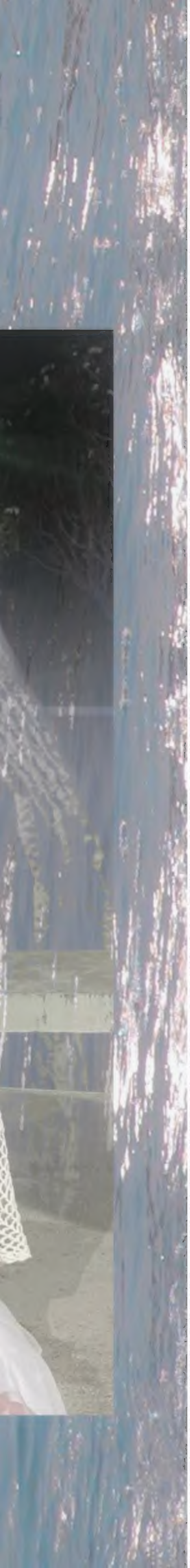
Pilit man kinakahon ang pagkababae sa isang kahulugan, tuloy ang mga Ilahas sa paghahasa ng pangil, nag-aabang manuklaw.

Chika ni LAKAMBINI

ni Bb. Orchidacea N. Ambot

Isa raw akong tala, tinititigan,
tinitingala
Mapanglaw na mga gabi,
tinatanglawan ng aking
mukha
Tinuturing nila kong
sampaguita, puro't dalisay,
walang sira
Kumekwerdas sa mga kamay
nilang maysala

Kataastaasan daw
ako, dapat
sinasamba
Naninikluhod
sila sa'king
harapan,
hinahalikan ang
aking mga paa
Habang
inaalayan nila
ako ng mga
papuri't harana,
mapalad raw sila,
nakalalasa ng
Dyosa



Ngunit mga labi rin nila ang
sasambit ng "Putang ina"

Aanhin ang "tala" na siyang sinag ay
iba ang nagtakda
Aanhin din ang "Diyosa," kung gawa
sa tinik ang korona
Nagsasabit nga kayo ng
mabubulaklak na mga talata
Anong silbi nito kung mananatili pa
rin namang estatwa?

Pwede ba, pakawalan mo ‘ko mula sa
piitan ng taludtod at tugma?
Ang mga linyahan niyo’y makikitid,
‘di makasayaw nang malaya
Parang awa n’yo na, kalasin mga
nakapulupot na tanikala
Puta, Birheng Maria? Nakagagalos,
gasgas na mga metapora

Sige lang sa paghirang at paghanga,
pero sana kasama nito ang pagkilala
Hindi lamang ako litanya sa pagitan
ng aking mga hita
Hindi ako kaawa-awa at ‘pag Marso
lang inaalala
Sa mga tayutay ninyong mga
tanikala, alam ko, ako’y higit pa

Ang Diyosa at ang
Puta, ang Ilaw ng
Tahanan at mga
“Lipas” na
Pang-aalipusta at
pagsamba,
magkaiba nga ba
talaga?
Eh iisang lang
naman ang
hangarin nila:
Sila mismo ang
magsulat, ang
magtakda
Ng ritmo sa sarili
nilang tula

Pero

ba't nga ba humihingi pa 'ko ng
permiso?

'Tang inang 'yan—
Ay, mali.

. . .

At least, mali 'ko.
Akin 'yun.

Kaya mawalang-galang
na, hah, bounce na 'ko
Sa labas ng pahina, sa
kabila ng bantas
Naghihintay
Ang aking tadhana

Pero ano nga bang tadhana ko?

Ang Musa at Ang Militante

Ano bang tadhana ng
isang musa?
Ano ba ang tadhana
kung babae ka lang?

Mga babae...

Ako?

Oo, ikaw. Ako, tayo,
hindi ka nag-iisa.
Tayong may litanyang
pilit sinisiksik sa gitna
ng mga hita.

Pagod ka na ba sa mga pariralang
walang katuturan?
Sa pambobola, sa yaring kaululan?

Anak, ate, asawa, ina
Hindi tayo nakukulong
sa iisang pigura
Ang pagkababae ay
walang iisang mukha
Hindi tayo dapat
ikinukulong sa iisang
kaha!

Naririnig ka ng mga
kasamahan ko
Magkalalayo man tayo
ay tiyak iisa ang salmo
Makawala sa kuwadro
ng pagnanasa
Maapula ang lagablab
ng patriyarka

Marami pa ang
tulad mo,
sa ilalim ng
palitada itinatago
Marami pa ang
kagaya mo,
sa mga bubog ng
kasaysayan
nagsusumamo

Bakit... papaano...
sino sila?
Ang mga babaeng
binasag ang pagka-
estatwa?
Ang babeng
humubog ng sarili
nilang tadhana?

Kilalanin si Liliosa.

Liliosa?

Habang hinihimas ang rehas,
nananatiling mapangahas
‘Di man makaalpas ang kat’wang
lupa, ang apoy sa mga mata’y ‘di
kumukupas

Kilalainin si Rizalina.

Rizalina?

Kabataang artista, ang sining niya’y
bala, isiniwalat ang malagim na
diktadurya
Hinubog sa lansangan ang biyas at
mga hita, ang kanyang mga likha,
ilaw sa madilim na kabanata

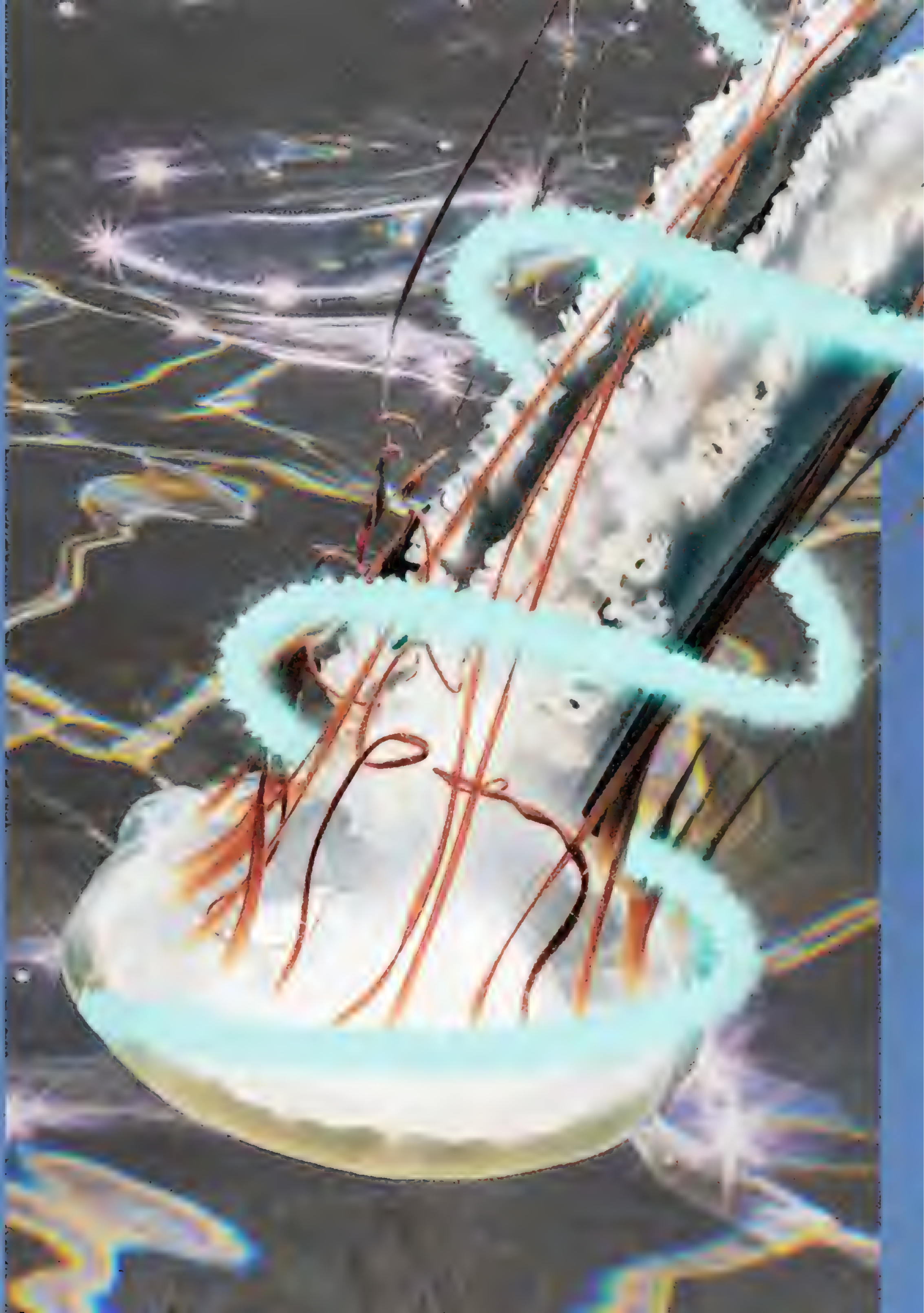
Kilalanin si Oryang.

Si Oryang...

Lubak ang daan para sa mga
kababaihan
Ngunit yayanigin ang bawat
lupang matatapakan
At para sa tulad ni Oryang,
ang tunay na paglaya ay
pakikianib sa himagsikan

Hahawakan ang kamay mo
sa bawat hakbang
Lalaya tayo nang
magkatuwang
Tandaang ‘di ka na lamang
isang tala o sampaguita—

Bahagi na 'ko ng pakikibaka.



[Haiku]

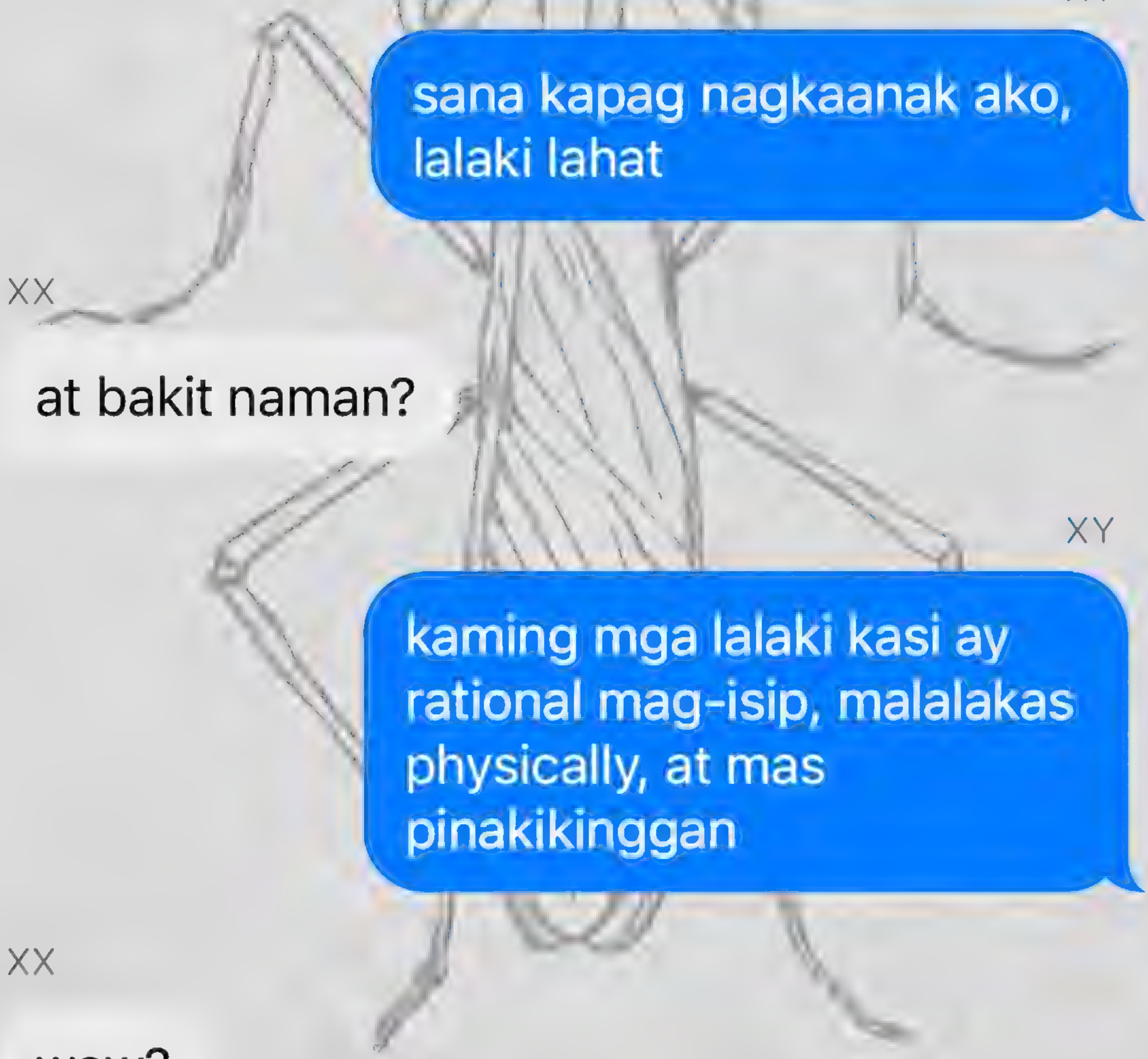
Closest to divine

by *Aplaya*

Closest to divine
I'd like to be near and dear
Love me like a girl

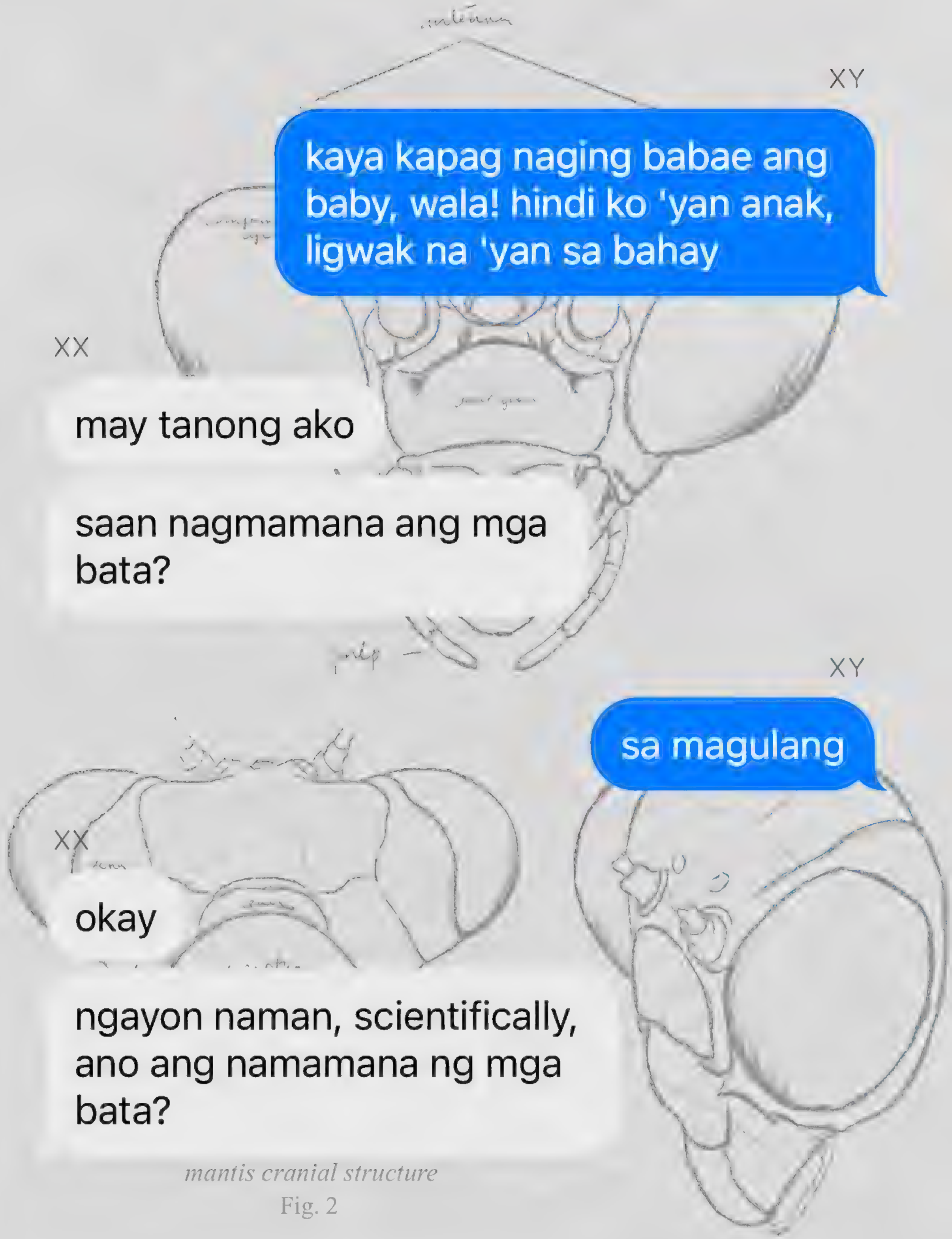
Ang Superior na Chromosome (Kasi Mas Marami Siya)

ni hersapling



Mantis religiosa

Fig. 1


XX
may tanong ako
saan nagmamana ang mga bata?
XY
kaya kapag naging babae ang baby, wala! hindi ko 'yan anak, ligwak na 'yan sa bahay
XY
sa magulang
XX
okay
ngayon naman, scientifically, ano ang namamana ng mga bata?

mantis cranial structure

Fig. 2

XY

uhm

genes diba?

XX

in fairness, may utak ka

XY

told you, logical kami

XX

whatever you say, dude

anong sex chromosomes ang pwedeng makuha sa ina?

XY

yung dalawang X chromosome

XX

ano naman ang maaaring galing sa'yo?

XY

yung X at Y

XX

so, ibibigay ng ina ang isa niyang sex chromosome na laging X dahil haploid ang kaniyang egg cell, at ikaw rin ay magbibigay, of course

paano kung hindi Y ang ma-donate mo?

XY

feeling scientist ka naman, feeling girl boss?

anong point nito? 😂

ying mantis
g. 3

XY

pero of course, X ang natitira

XX

right?

now, ano ang magiging anak mo?

XY

babae...

XX

anak mo ba siya or hindi, since sa'yo galing yung isang X?

XY

...

XX

ano na?

Female mantis eats head of its mate during copulation
Fig. 4

XX

kaya kung ayaw mo ng babaeng anak, patanggal mo na 'yang X chromosome mo ha.

You can no longer reply to this conversation. Learn More

XY

at talaga namang nablock pa ako

"Kababae mong tao"

ni *wred*

Why is it that when I speak my mind—

sharp, unfiltered, raw—

I am met with furrowed brows
like I've done something wrong?

"Umayos ka nga, kababae mong tao."

But when a boy says the same
thing, it's just how things are.

"Hayaan mo na, lalaki kasi."

I wear shorts, and they say I’m asking for it.

"Aba, ang iksi ba naman!"

I see a man walking shirtless, and no one cares.

"Mainit kasi."

I wear jeans and a shirt, and now,

"Para kang lalaki."

I wear a dress, and suddenly,

“Aba ang ganda mo naman!”

—but only if it fits their standards.

Too simple?

"Mukha kang manang."

Too bold?

“Nagpapapansin ka ba?”

Kababae kong tao,

eh ano naman?

If being a woman means

tiptoeing

around your rules, then

I'll walk loudly.

If it means dressing,
speaking, living for
your approval, then

I refuse.

Kababae kong tao

at

wala

kayong

pakialam.

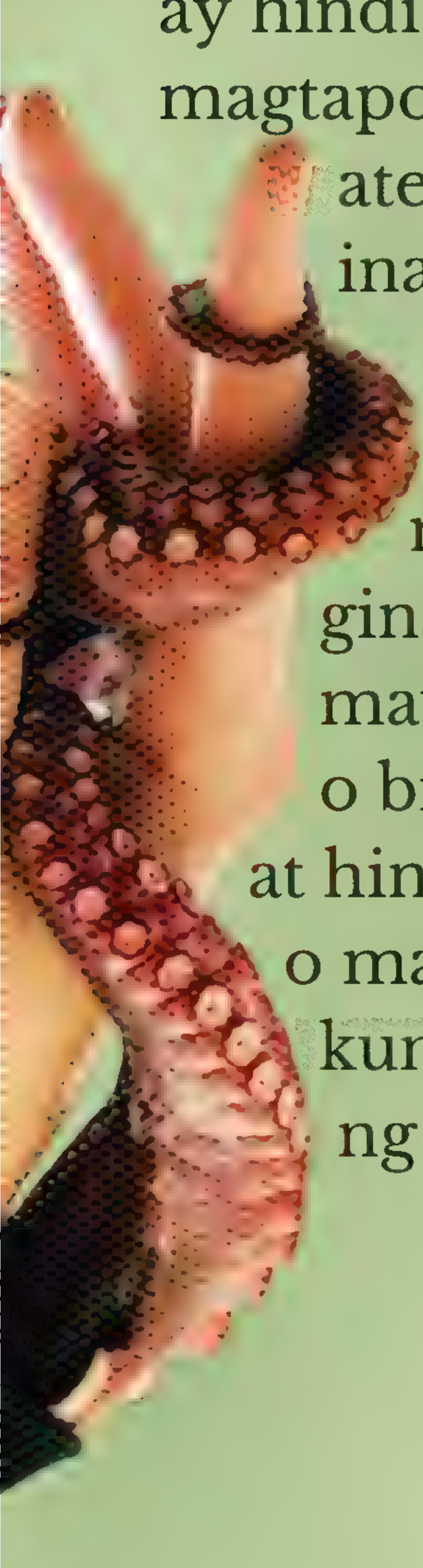
Sukatan ng Pagiging Babae

ni *MaKatha*

Humayo ka, babae,
at tumakbo
at lumipad
at maging babae
nang hindi nangangamba
at sinusukat ang sarili
gamit ang pamantayan
ng lipunang nagsasabing
ganito at ganiyan
ang pagiging isang babae.

Halina, babae,
at ihayag mong ang pagiging babae
ay higit pa sa pagsukat
ng mga panlabas na bahagi
ng iyong katawan—
ng buhok,
baywang,
puwet,
suso,
at puke,
na naninimbang sa halaga mo
bilang babae.

Lalo kang humulagpos, babae,
at ipamalitang ang pagiging babae
ay hindi kailangang laging
magtapos sa mga papel gaya ng
ate,
ina,
lola,
nobya,
misis,
ginang,
maybahay,
o binibini,
at hindi naiiba
o mababa sa lalaki
kundi kaisa rin
ng mga lalaki.



Malakas ka, babae,
maganda, minamahal,
at mapagmahal na babae;
hindi ka limitado lamang
sa pagiging binhi ng buhay
kundi ikaw mismo ang buhay
at dito ay kumakandili,
at hindi dapat sukatin para hatulang
kulang sa hulí.

Magiting kang higit, babae,
sapagkat tumitindig ka sa iyong
pagkababae,
nangangahas at ipinakikitang
kung hindi ka lamang susukatin o
titimbangin at pilit susuotan ng de-
takong na sapatos ang iyong imahen,
makatatakbo ka
sa direksiyon at bilis
ng isang malayang babae

In my Skirt

by therezein

In my skirt, I run

Hurried

at

the

c h a o s of life

At my feet gathered

Mud and glitters and strife

I yearn for days when

Ruching seems unnecessary

Pleats do not lie

Folds can go un

t i e d

I yearn for days when

My hands can let go of the fabric

Tucked in a tight fist

Pale knuckles, silent clicks

I sometimes dream of

A time in wonderland

There, in my skirt I run

Unfettered,

u n d o n e

Before she realized she was a Woman

by *Amanda*

She ran in bare feet meeting Earth's rough path
—small rocks, slippery roads, scorching sun.
She felt it all,
but there were no flinches.
Beads of sweat tracing her face,
down to the curves of her body,
leaving traces and droplets on her path.
In all the unfamiliarity of the world,
she smiled,
she laughed,
she opened her hands,
welcoming the sun with all the love
a woman could give.

She ran without question.
Without fear.
What was there to fear?
What was there to run away from?
Not knowing that a word etched to her being,
clinging to her, still unseen, yet certain.
A man, there is,
in every woman's existence.

An existence she never chose.

She was no longer running.
She was f l e e i n g.
Running away from someone,
Ju^mp^ing from one field to another,
passing fires,
through storms,
lost in the wild,
fought with a bear,
in bloody hands
and callused feet.
Still running, intact.

She fought
with scraped knees and
broken bones,
Even her body was torn open.
She begged.
She screamed.
She bled
–split into two
to bring a child in her world,
a man,
not knowing,
that a man will also strike
a woman.

She ran.
She ran like a woman.
Whose existence is a threat to man.
For simply breathing,
a man f~~o~~u~~m~~bled.
For simply staring,
a man is ~~killed~~.
For simply talking,
a man already l o s t.
For a woman is already a master on survival,
to which men only knows because
men never had to learn.
They never had to run.

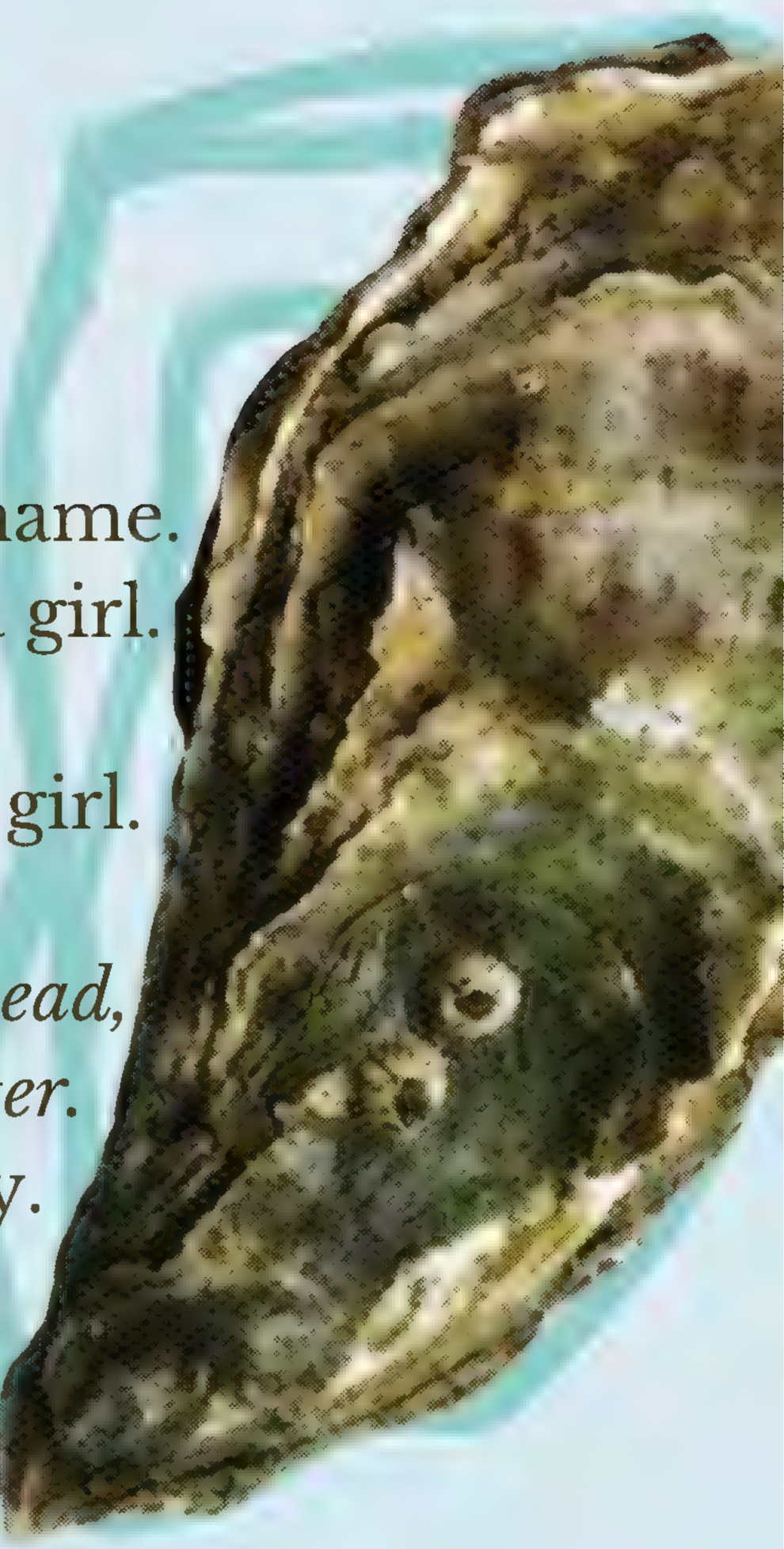
Place a Fucking Comma

by Amanda

Alone.
She walks.
In the path where only one street light glows.
Her fingers,
tighten around the strap of her bag.
—her lifeline.
The cloth biting into her palms,
skin turning pale,
heartbeat hammering in its cage.

She inhaled, ever so quietly,
to not attract any attention,
so as not to be heard,
so as not to be noticed,
so as not to be chosen.
Footsteps are measured,
with quiet prayers under the moon,
and cold sweats in the breeze of the night.
She hoped no one would notice her.

A noise.
A car.
A motorcycle.
A footstep—so close, a presence.
Behind her
there's fear that
someone will call her.

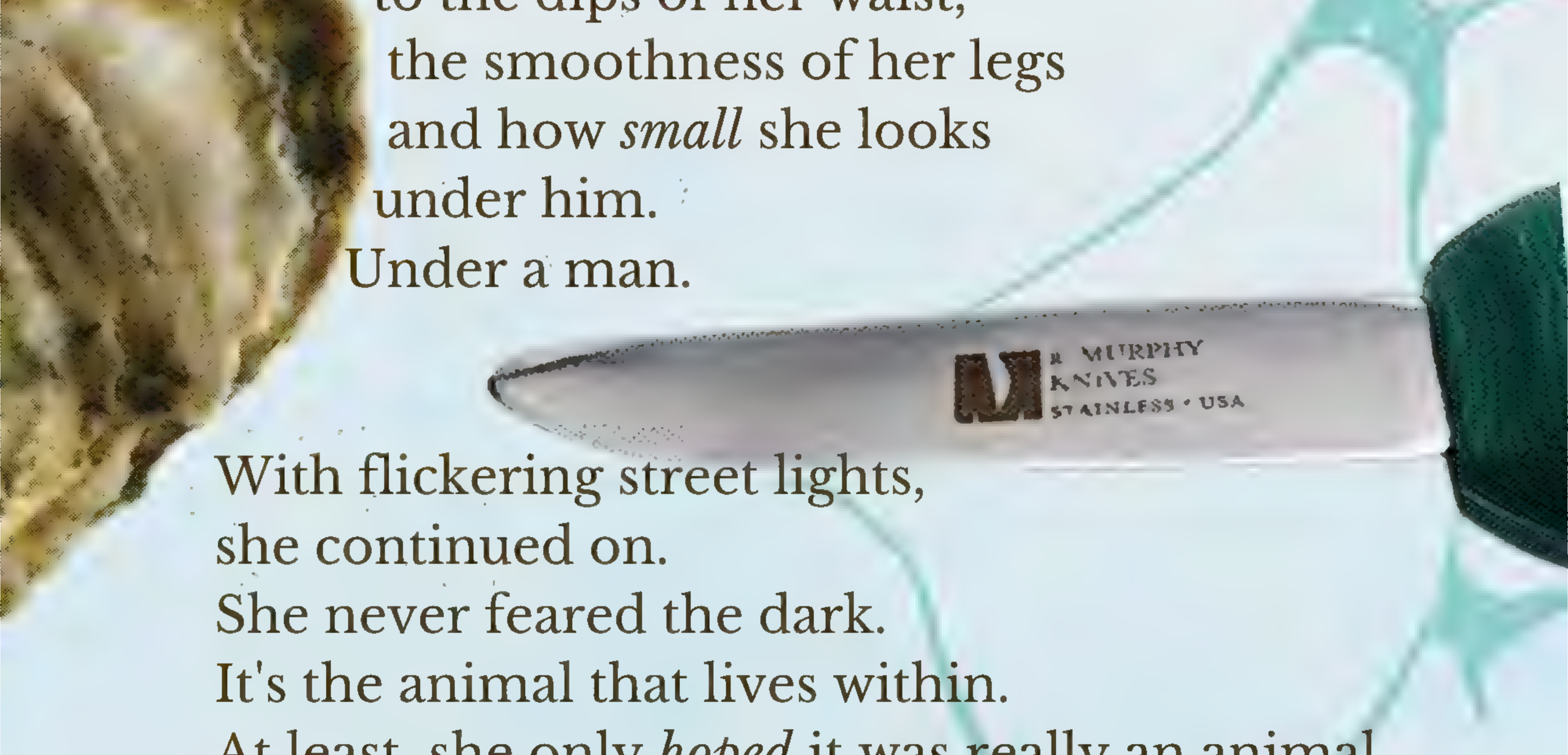


Not her, as her name.
But her, as a girl.

Fuck a girl.

Look straight ahead,
do not falter.
She chanted repeatedly.

A man stares at her
his gaze felt like a slow, *painfully slow*,
knife that drags across her.
The redness of her cheeks
plumpness of her lips,
traces her curves,
to the dips of her waist,
the smoothness of her legs
and how *small* she looks
under him.
Under a man.



With flickering street lights,
she continued on.
She never feared the dark.
It's the animal that lives within.
At least, she only *hoped* it was really an animal.
She'd choose any animal to harm her,
for it meant survival for them,
A protection in their lives.
But a man's bite places a mark—a claim
deep within, that no medicine can heal.
The bite's no protection for them.
It's a craving for pleasure for their own satisfaction.

And yet, she continued to walk.

Fuck, a **girl**.

She carried the fear of every girl, but she did not crumble under it.

That girl walked forward
even if fear made her tremble.
That girl gripped her anxiety
even if several eyes followed her.
That girl looked straight
even if the street lights fail her.

She is not small.
She is not to be claimed.
She is not under anyone.

She is a girl—a woman.

This is a **woman's world.**

And no ~~one~~ man can ever understand what it means to live as one

First Kiss

by *kala*

People say that a woman's first kiss is special.

Rosana has read about it in a lot of books and watched it in movies. The fairytales she grew up reading have princes breaking curses through a kiss—there's Snow White and the Prince, then there's Beauty and the Beast.

First kiss is romantic, like a seal of love or a sweet promise. They say that a first kiss should be treasured. You should kiss someone you love; they say you should not give it to anyone. You should only do it when the time is right. *Oh, fuck that.* Rosana's first kiss is nothing like those.

October nights are cold but Rosana is feeling hot—maybe it is the alcohol or maybe it is the touch of the man next to her. She's aware of the contact of their skin —she tries not to flinch as he whispers in her ears. If it were any other night she would have run away, but she holds on to her resolve—she reaches his hand to interlace hers. She doesn't know his name, only that they are in the same year taking the same program. She doesn't bother to recall a name she just knew an hour ago and that she's sure to forget tomorrow.

Still, despite the strangeness of the man she met for the first time, she lets him near her—not that she's drunk, she's sober and she feels brave. Rosana wants to free herself. It is rare for her to be out late at night, but she's turning nineteen—for once, she wants to break the rules that she's been faithfully abiding by for years. *No sex, no drinking, no late night parties, no failing grades.* She's not a saint—she thinks she's not as virtuous as others expect her to be.

The man reaches for her face—she knows he leans in for a kiss. She has seen this scene countless times, and yet she hasn't seen it coming for her. She doesn't close her eyes as she receives his lips, instead, she watches him intently—his face, his movements, his reactions. His eyes are closed; his hand moves to support her back.

Rosana mimics his movements—she then closes her eyes and moves her lips in response to his. The kiss isn't romantic nor is it intimate. But sure, it is hot. She feels hot. She leans back on the chair that they are sharing.

Only when they part to catch their breaths are they able to hear the crowd loudly cheering. Oh, Rosana almost forgot about how they are in public.

The man asks her if that was her first time. She doesn't give a fuck about firsts but she still nods. *It doesn't feel like a lie*; it feels like her truth.

He doesn't need to know; Rosana tells herself that she'll be the one defining her first kiss. She wants to have a choice for once—this man, a stranger, whom she kisses back in public, not to mark her first but to cover up her past.

She looks at him, not out of love, for passion perhaps yes. He's as young as her, and he looks clean with his shaved face. There's nothing special about the man, but Rosana initiates a kiss again. She opens her mouth for him—his tongue seeks entrance and she lets him in. She kisses him back, as deeply and as wildly, she sucks. *Oh, fuck virginity.* Her sense of purity has been long gone. Rosana hates being called pure—she seems like it but she's sure as hell she's not.

At the back of her mind, Rosana remembers how she was kissed when she was six. It was morning when a relative brought her to a room. The sun was out, but cold was the feeling she got from the rough contact of his hand. The air was heavy, and so was her breathing as she bears the weight of the old man—heavy. The stubble hurt her as she lay frozen on the bed—she hated how he reeked of alcohol from the previous night. Rosana remained tight-lipped when that happened and even after that—not that there was a threat, she wasn't able to speak about how gross and dirty she feels about herself. *Oh, fuck that memory. Fuck that man.*

She was too young to know but she was sure it was wrong, that the first thing she did after that was wash herself. *But fuck, the dirt sticks, the stain is unwashable*—her memory, no matter how blurry, remains. *Was it a dream?* She buries the memory so deep. But Rosana has a fear of touch, she flinches at the slightest contact on her skin. *It was real.* Oh, fuck her life. It was a nightmare she was forced to relive every time she wails for an unwanted touch.

Fuck the Prince who kissed a sleeping Snow White. Fuck the Beast who locked up Belle. Rosana doesn't care about the first kiss. *Romance? Fuck that,* she just wants to have a choice in life. Rosana kisses a stranger, and oddly, her soul feels cleaner.

"*Are you okay with this*," she breaks the kiss to ask. She can still feel the contact of his skin with how her lips are getting swollen. The man nods and asks the question back.

Rosana has never been surer and freer as she answers, *"Yes."*

She tiptoes to meet his mouth—her lips feel less tainted as she moves her tongue with his. She wraps her arms around his neck and guides his hand to explore her body—her neck, her breasts, her waist. She lets her skin burn to his grasp as she screams her wants. Rosana claims herself—*a virgin, a bitch, a whore, fuck those shit.* The night is hers, and this kiss is hers to claim.

The kiss is worth remembering not because it is romantic nor because of a nameless man—this kiss is a choice she made for herself.

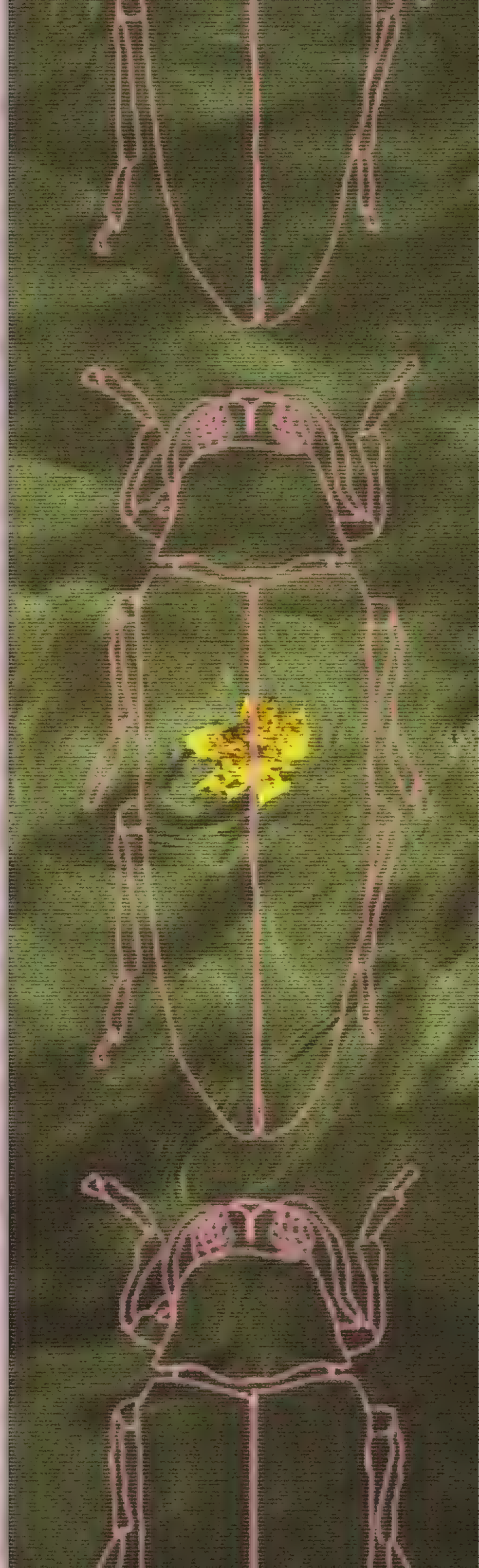
Party Girls

by Anuki Munjari

There is a certain kind of glow among girls during a party. Around midnight, I am facing the mirror in a Girls' CR with other girls half-drunk or already wasted. Beats from the DJ can be heard but it is not entirely audible as I listen to a girl I've never met before talking about a crush or an ex who made her life miserable or amazing, I'm not sure. I don't really remember.

But I remember the tight dresses and the mini skirts. The way someone would ask for a lipstick and more than two hands would offer different kinds of shades. We'd look at each other in the mirror and see our blushes from the makeup or the alcohol. It's happiness bubbling on the surface. It is camaraderie in knowing that we just find each other pretty in a night that we can just be pretty.

Around 1 AM, when it's Rihanna or Lady Gaga, me and my girl friends would run into the middle of the dance floor spilling our drinks along the way. We hold each other's hands not wanting to lose each other in a sea of people. When we find our spot, we dance like the world is our own and no one's watching with our cute outfits and makeup on. In that instant, I would exclaim how fun it is to be a woman.



Of course, it is a fact that the world is harsh for women. Women have to compete against men, against other women, against their bodies, and against their own minds. But for a few moments at 2 to 3 AM, when it's a mix between Charli XCX and Britney, I forget that I am trying to survive the world. I face my girls and we scream, we sweat, and we lose our breaths. I am with women I love, with a remix my body recognizes, and with an instance that I am solely in love with just being.

By 5 AM, we walk home with our heels or boots. Sometimes, when the setting spray's good, we'd still have that glow with our eyeshadow and highlighter intact.

Roses are Red, Violets with Blue

by Rafflesia

Red was the first color the daughter knew, the world a crimson blur as she came out of the veil. Her mother's blood was a raw baptism, christening her of womanhood before any priest could bind a God's name to her soul. Silence fell as they met eyes, recognition blooming in the aftermath of pain. The mother wept, a bitter mix of hope and despair, a silent vow to shield her daughter from the world that had broken her. The mother, scarred with all kinds of tragedy, smiled at the newborn before her. Red has never looked beautiful as it did at that moment.

Red was the color of the rust on the gates of their home, a creeping stain that mirrored the slow decay within.

Anger bled through every wall, it seeped through the foundation, spilling even outside, onto the swing set in the yard where the daughter used to play—the playground a weak illusion from her mother's wounds and her father's bloodied knuckles. And there, a promise was made—to break the gates and leave that red behind.

Red was the color of the girl's favorite journal. It has back pockets where she kept the picture of her mother at her prime. Her hair is styled in an updo, presentable in her black blazer and a crisp white polo underneath, in a matching pencil skirt that flatters her figure—a woman ready to take on anything the world has promised her, no matter the scarcity of those promises. The daughter holds her mother's youth in her hands, a youth she knew she stole. The daughter thought she—her mama, who might have chased dreams beyond motherhood, now lives in the lines of this fading photograph—the only memory of her mother she has left. She smiled despite the ache for even then, at least the gates are white in heaven.

Red was the color of the curtains hanging in the windows of her dormitory that now framed her solitude. Alone in this much smaller space where it is easier to move. The walls do not suffocate. Instead, they lull her to sleep and push her out of bed to wake up and walk the five minute distance to her university—a dream realized, a victory earned for her mother, who the academies have refused to open doors for.

Red was the color of the shirt she wore when she participated in the snake rally for the First Day Rage of 2025. A placard in her hand, her voice harmonized with the chorus of students demanding change. They marched, a collective roar against the men in throne who played chess with lives, the Filipino people their pawns, trading away the rights of the marginalized to keep their grip on power. Her throat burned with the force of her words, a fire fueled by years of suppressed anger, brought earlier by her father who eerily resembled these politicians. A head of the family who silenced her mother with fists; president after

president who held the motherland by the neck, hungry for control, they strangled her with their "kamay na bakal".

Red was the color of the heels on her feet, clicking against the sterile white of the hospital floors, a familiar sound against the somber wood of courtroom aisles—saving fainting heartbeats and the fainting justice. A witness to a mother giving birth to her firstborn, a journalist arrested for publishing the truth, both fighting for their lives so they can live to save more. The daughter thanked them all, for in the unending pursuit of freedom that now allows her in spaces that refused her mother and foremothers in the past are ghosts of those outcrying that the system's ignorance reduced into sobs. Within the lab gown that she wears are traces of the first women who dared to break barriers that were built by the opposite sex, in every strike of her gavel are whispers of the first women who spoke their truth with the same conviction.

And she offers her heartfelt gratitude, that she now gets to choose to be either and both.

She thanked the women on the streets, their placards raised in defiance, the women who dared to disrupt the status quo, the brides who walked the aisle of their own accord, women who taught her to read, the girlfriends who weathered life's storms alongside her. She honored the women in literature, the Lualhati Bautistas who laid bare the truth of womanhood and its inherent bravery in their metaphors, the Maria Claras who wore their baro't saya with the weight of the societal constraints, the Princess Urdujas who in spite of knowing royalty chose to sink in with the masses, the Gabriela Silangs who understood that freedom's roots lay in revolution.

On the grass, the daughter laid a single red rose upon the tomb. The familiar name, a stark inscription, drew a kiss from her lips, as the tears started to swell.

She tilted her face to the sky, a futile attempt to halt the mourning, only to find the sunset warring with the twilight. Red and blue clashed, like the lovely memories of her mother and the ache of loss merging, forming a beautiful purple, mirroring the bruise that despite the pain brought comforting warmth on her skin. She uttered “thank you” to her mama who cooked her breakfast and whom she exchanged goodnights with for the years that they were granted. She whispered gratitude to all the other mothers who have been keeping the world in motion, their breasts nurturing the offsprings of succeeding generations, the lines between their thighs a sacred source of life.

“*Abante, Babae !!!*”

The clamor of voices broke the daughter’s reverie, bringing her back to the reality of the grass’ touch on her knees as she kneeled in front of her mother’s graveyard like a prayer. Across the road,

a bunch of women were marching with their banners up, all of them dressed in purple, the white placards they carried painted with purple texts of calls for action, and it's as if the beauty of the sky descended, manifesting in front of her. She smiled at the color of the revolution—created by the beauty and ugly of our red times clashing with the blue of a better tomorrow, when the sky is no longer obscured by the clouds, when women's potentials are no longer reduced to fit society's standards.

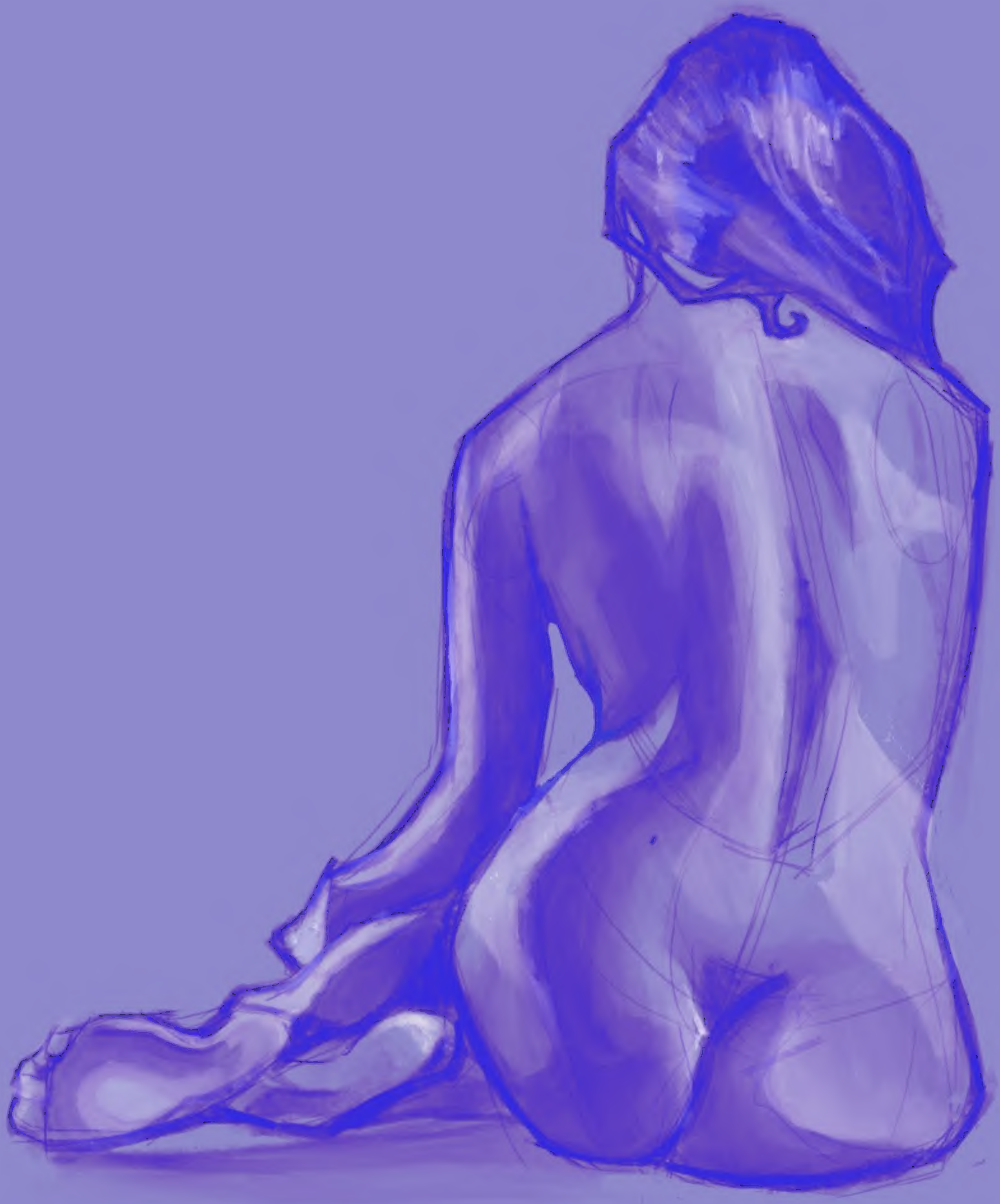
She pressed a kiss to the tombstone, an "amen" to her prayer, a goodbye for now, before she stood up. Crossing the road, she ran to join the women's stride, her place among them unquestioned. *She knew she belonged there, with women, in revolution.* In her youth are her mother's own and the women that came before that she hold in her tight fist, fingers stained with the purple from the electoral ink because her and all these other women's voices weigh heavier, echo louder, and are much more heard now.

She answered their chants, sending her voice skyward, a message for her mother, "*Palaban, Militante !!!*"

The mother, watching from above, wept—tears of the same joy that had birthed her daughter who grew up to become her daughter and more—someone's friend, a sister, an artist, a doctor, a lawyer, a militant, a woman forged in her own right. She smiled at the sea of purple. This is the second time the color red looked most beautiful—when in its gruesomeness and fierceness, it has learned to blend with the blue of tomorrow's clear skies that has long been promised to the foremothers, the women of the 21st century, and the little girls to come. "*We're almost there*," she said, her voice filled with hope and pride, to the women beside her—those who had already claimed their place among the stars.

UPLB WRITERS' CLUB

Ang UPLB Writers' Club ay isang sosyokultural na organisasyong binubuo ng mga baguhang manunulat. Itinatag noong 1970s, ang organisasyon ay patuloy na kumikilos upang magsulong ng malay at makabuluhang akdang pampanitikan sa loob at labas ng pamantasan.



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